Supernatural, Castiel/trenchcoat, it's only wrong in the eyes of humans

Rating is a Hard R, it's pure crack, and yes. I like the trenchcoat too.

It lends him protection, and in exchange he lets it clamber into his lap and curl up, purring, in the dark of night while he is watching Dean sleep.

His trenchcoat is light, and fast, and it has jerked his arm up out of the way of a blade or pulled him in the direction he needs to be going to make his swing more effective.

It has saved his life on more than one occasion, and someday he will ask Jimmy where he obtained it. Someday he will discover where it came from, as he wants to find some way to repay it.

As it stands, he lets it curl in his lap or on his shoulder and rest while he maintains his vigil over Dean. Sometimes, when it nudges his hand, he pets it, and there is that purr that he cannot explain.

Tonight is different. Castiel has been sitting quietly for hours, and his trenchcoat has been bunched up in his lap, and if Castiel were to ascribe an emotion to it, he would say that it was pensive. Perhaps nervous.

Castiel does not try to understand his trenchcoat, however. He pets it absently when it nudges him, but is otherwise lost in thought, considering Dean.

Perhaps that is why the coat makes it decision the way it does.

Castiel shifts when it clambers up his chest, letting it drape itself on him. There is a pause while the neck of the trenchcoat tilts up, as if considering him, and then it is opening his pants with deft movements of its buttons and sleeves, and then it is wrapping itself around Castiel's cock.

Castiel doesn't understand what it is doing, but it has his attention now, and then he is gasping quietly as it gives him an all-too-human sensation.

Castiel would move to pry it off of him, to give him a moment to compose himself, but he knows better. His coat is stronger than he is, and he is fortunate that it is his ally, as it can pull him around in a fight with ease. (Although it usually restrains itself to giving him pushes in the correct direction or pulls out of harms way.)

But now this immense strength is causing him to jerk and cry out softly, and it is causing him to discover a pleasure he did not know he could feel.

It is not long before he reaches completion, and then his trenchcoat is curled up,

tightly, next to his ankle.

Castiel is thinking about his trenchcoat now, and he believes that it is afraid. A touch of Grace and he is clean, and he closes his pants.

He pauses, and reaches a hand down, and waits.

It is a full minute before his trenchcoat clambers back up, tucking close to him, and he pets its back, and there is that purring again.

"Thank you," Castiel tells it after a moment. He really doesn't know what else to say, though.

His trenchcoat, however, just makes a happy sigh in its purring and stretches out, resting on him again.